

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

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“The problem is, we have not had enough politicians killed; if somebody had killed both FDR and Hitler in 1933, or Stalin in 1920, and a long list of others, the world would be a Hell of a lot better off now than it is.”

Bo Miller

I was walking through the door into the office of the Picayune airport with my son, Gary, who was then eleven years old, when we heard the news that Kennedy had been killed in Dallas; it was my birthday, November 22, 1963, and my son looked up at me and smiled, then said . . . “What a wonderful birthday present, Dad.” Which remark pissed off one of Dr. von Braun’s pilots who was sitting in the room; but he shut up after I offered to kick his ass up and down the runway. Most of the other people who were there at the time felt like I did about Kennedy: hated him. Somebody else said . . . “It’s too bad they didn’t kill Lyndon Johnson too.”

I was even more pleased when Bobby Kennedy was killed: he was by far the most dangerous of the Kennedy Brothers; he had the so-called ‘Little Man’ or Napoleon complex, but if he had lived he would almost certainly have been elected president.

Eisenhower was probably the only reasonably honest president we have had since Teddy Roosevelt, but he wasn’t very smart. The smartest, and the crookedest, was Johnson. JFK and Johnson were never elected, they stole the election by padding the ballot boxes in Illinois and Texas and Nixon was not only aware of what they did but was in a position to prove it; but did nothing in spite of that knowledge, said he would not expose this country to such a scandal as that.

Some of the politicians who became governor of Louisiana were even worse than most of our presidents were; Earl Long, Huey’s brother, was simply insane. He unzipped his pants, pulled out his prick and pissed on the rug in the lobby of the largest hotel in New Orleans, in the middle of a large crowd. Pissed on the floor under a desk in a television studio while watching a commercial he had just finished making; I was there and saw him do it. His wife got him arrested on a trip to Texas, then had him flown to the Louisiana State Insane Asylum and locked into a padded cell; so he called the director and told him . . . “I may be insane but I am still the governor, so you are fired.” Then he appointed somebody else director who would release him.

Another governor was a Country Western singer who was well known at one time. My partner, Bill Carpenter, was a state Senator and through him I met most of the politicians in the state, and I never knew a wilder bunch of men in my life; most were habitual drunks and they all chased women constantly. Most of the political meetings that I ever attended looked like Roman orgies. They not only accept bribes but demanded them and literally anything was for sale: jobs, promotions, land, oil-drilling rights, pardons and paroles, even women. If you had the right connections you could get away with literally anything, and a lot of people did.

While I never worked at it I had a commission on the Louisiana State Police and that was very useful at times: made it legal for me to carry a concealed pistol, provided me the use of machineguns, kept me from getting a lot of speeding tickets, even in other states, and had a number of other benefits in the direction of keeping me out of jail. The State Police never bothered me in any way, but Federal agents, primarily Customs agents, were after me for years trying to catch me doing things that I never did.

While most people are not aware of it, in many ways the U. S. Customs is by far the most powerful police force in this country, the closest thing to the Gestapo that we have. They can do things legally that nobody else can, have search and seizure powers denied any other police; can search you, your car or airplane without a warrant and can use anything illegal that they find as evidence against you in court.

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Having failed to put me in jail after years of trying to I eventually became good friends with quite a few Federal agents and even worked directly with them in several criminal investigations. A man named Jackie Hardy, who was the president of the Bank of Lake Helen, Florida, borrowed \$6,000.00 from me and used it to pay a man to kill the cashier of that bank; because Hardy had been looting the bank, knew he could not continue to explain the missing money, and intended to blame it on the cashier after he was killed.

But the guy he hired to kill the cashier fucked it up: put him down flat on a bed, with a pillow covering his head, then shot him through the pillow. Then did not even bother to see if the cashier was dead. The bullet passed through the cashier's upper jaw and did a lot of damage to his mouth but did not kill him. When I learned what had happened I immediately knew who was responsible, so I called the FBI and told an agent friend what I suspected; he told me that they had similar suspicions and were already working on the case, then sent Special Agent Jack Martin to see me and I then started working on the case with him.

I taped Jackie Hardy in his office and practically got a confession out of him, then later taped another man who was involved in the theft from the bank both in a car and in a restaurant; all of these tapes were later played in court so these men knew who had done it and where it was done. Ironically, one of the men who went to prison had a daughter who was then an FBI agent; a girl who was a good friend of my daughter Eva.

They had been looting the bank by making huge loans for the purpose of buying thousands of cattle and large blocks of land, neither of which existed; the people who borrowed the money never paid off any of the loans and divided the money with Jackie Hardy and other bank officers, including a girl who was Hardy's assistant and was also my mistress for a while. She went to prison, but later testified on my behalf during the tax trial that I won against the IRS.

The politicians were not the only wild men in Louisiana; one of the wildest I ever met there was a man named Bill Garrett, who was a very successful Chevrolet dealer and later owned a bank and a radio station. Somebody told him that I was writing a book about thirty years ago, so he called and said he wanted to talk to me about it. I assumed he wanted me not to mention him in the book, but I was wrong; in fact, he wanted me to include stories about his sexual escapades and told me about them in great detail. He and several of his friends always carried thousands of dollars in cash, in hundred-dollar bills, would walk up to a strange girl on the street and start counting bills into the girl's hand, while saying . . . "Tell me just how much, Honey; you know what I want." And that ploy seldom failed. But the girls did not get to keep the money.

After the man who paid the girl was through fucking her another man would pound on the door of their room, claiming to be a policeman; would release the man in return for the money, and then would ask the girl . . . "Now what are you going to give me?" So the girls got fucked twice and nobody got paid.

They also had checks printed up for a fictitious bank, The West Bank Of The Mississippi, and would give these checks to girls in payment for sex; signing them Rolling Stone.

Garrett arrived in Slidell about the same time I did, in the spring of 1952, and ten years later had become a very wealthy man. The president of Garrett's bank, a man named Ed Riffle was a close personal friend of mine and helped me avoid IRS agents who were trying to seize my money; I gave Riffle signed but not filled out checks that he kept in his desk, and when he was paid a visit by an agent from the IRS who was there to seize my bank account, Riffle would date one of the checks a day earlier, fill in whatever amount I had in my account, and then tell the agent that my account was empty. Then I would close that account and open a new one in a different name.

After I had changed the name on my account about a dozen times an agent came in one day with a warrant that demanded the money in any account that I could write checks on, regardless of the name used. But they still did not get a cent.

When my business in that bank reached a point where my financial needs would require loans that exceeded the legal limit for loans by that bank to an individual, Riffle took me to a bank in Mobile, vouched for me there and they then provided me with cash in very large amounts. A lot of which money was stolen by the Rhodesian government in

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1968; but all of those bank loans were paid in full by 1972, after I started Nautilus. I had to stall them for a while after I came back here from Rhodesia, but they eventually got their money.

In the early 1980s the Barnett Bank of Ocala, Florida, loaned me \$5,000,000.00 which saved my ass because a similar amount disappeared from the Nautilus plant in Virginia that was being run by Dan Baldwin; which was when I fired him, but I never learned what happened to the missing money.

Both the Sony Corporation and RCA loaned me a combined total of more than \$10,000,000.00 when I was building a huge video-production studio in Lake Helen, Florida; and all of those loans were paid off in full, on time. At one time or another I have borrowed a lot of money, and always paid it back together with interest. But do not now owe anybody a cent. Don't now have as much money as I once did but have no debt; two of my ex-wives, Terri and Eliza, both probably have more money than I do, in liquid assets at least, although my present corporation, MedX, will eventually be worth billions of dollars, but probably not during my lifetime.

Most of my remaining capital has been invested in research that has now extended for more than twenty-two years, medical research that eventually produced our current line of Medical Testing machines; research that cost a total of more than \$90,000,000.00 but eventually produced the closest thing to a miracle that I have ever seen, so turned out to be totally justified.

If I still had all of the money that has been stolen from me by a long list of people I would now be worth several hundred million dollars, but that is water over the dam. The only thing I ever invested in apart from my own companies was gold, and the price of that dropped by about half immediately after I bought it. Some of my business investments paid off very well, but several crashed and burned and produced big losses.

Starting sometime in the late 1920s or early 1930s a Jewish man named Stern started a business that he called Hartz Mountain, selling canary birds and everything required to keep a canary; he quickly had a monopoly in that business because he sold the birds for less than it cost him to raise them, and thus prevented other people from getting into that business. His profits came entirely from the sale of cages, bird seed, medicine and other things.

In the early 1960s I got his son, Leonard Stern, started in the tropical fish business and taught him everything that he needed to know about that business. About ten years later I read a story in one of the financial magazines that said he had by then made a profit in excess of \$250,000,000.00 in the fish business; and, in 1975, when I mentioned that story to a friend of Stern's he said . . . "You can make that \$500,000,000.00 now."

One way or another my associates usually managed to make a lot more money as a result of my efforts than I ever did, but maybe they were just smarter than I was; certainly were better at stealing.

Many people have helped me along the way, and usually expected nothing in return; but, over all, I have met far more sinners than saints.